

THE
Johnson Journal



Spring Issue

April 1, 1944

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

Vol. XIX

SPRING ISSUE, 1944

No. 3

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EDITORIAL

FREEDOM

The children are the future molders of the world. Through them we can mend the evil and crusade for the right. It is essential, therefore, that the children be influenced for good and not evil.

What will influence them, then, you ask? The greatest influence which can be exercised on the child is that of his family and immediate circle of friends. He absorbs and reflects the thoughts, ideas, and actions which he sees around him. If he is poor he may set money as his goal or he may wish to help out his friends. If he is oppressed, he may seek power for himself or he may try to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow men. His attitude, social or anti-social, will decide which course he will choose.

The Church is another powerful influence. It interprets life, gives a depth and reason to living, trains us to look and work upward for the really important things of life.

When children go to school they have so imitated their elders as to be a picture in miniature of the world, or of the people in their land. They think, feel, respond, in much the same way as they have seen adults think, feel, respond. The great and marvelous difference is that this little world is receptive to ideals of truth, beauty, love of one's neighbor, charity, justice, and by their youth and energy can help lay the foundations for such a world where all these things are recognized and practised. Their minds are not embittered by hard experience, nor made hopeless by failure. If these ideals are presented through history, literature, geography, at an age when minds are ready and eager to accept and work

out principles of freedom, the freedom of a people can be born, and live. Organizations like Scout bands, athletic leagues, and dramatic clubs teach young people co-operation and clean living. We need teachers and leaders who know more than just the obvious surface facts of knowledge, who can interpret events with realism, and yet dream with idealism.

A nation is only as good as it makes its children. If it teaches them distrust or hate of one another, seeks to black out the intelligence and reasoning power of its youthful citizens with anti-social propaganda, suppression, false ideals, they will reflect and carry out its teachings with horrible and long-lasting results.

Barbara Dandeneau, '44

NATIONAL NUISANCES

This country today seems to be overrun with a large number of "war-time worry-warts." This is the name applied to those who are constantly complaining about the slight wartime privations they must put up with. There are quite a few different types, but one is as bad as the other.

There is the woman who goes each morning to the local market and immediately begins a long boring story when she has to produce her ration books.

"My heavens," she sighs, "we didn't have ration books in the last war."

Yes, she is quite right, there were no ration books. However, there was bread made out of a poor quality black flour, and people often did have to pay as much as twenty-five cents apiece for oranges. Of course, that was if there happened to be oranges. This woman has forgotten about that.

Do you happen to know the man who is furious at the way the Americans are conducting the war in the South Pacific?

"What's the matter with them?" he roars. "Why aren't the armored divisions driving ahead?"

Yes, he can tell you a lot about what the army is doing, but he doesn't tell you about himself. He doesn't tell you that he is perfectly willing to patronize the local black market for a few more gallons of illegal gasoline, gasoline that might drive an army truck or run an ambulance carrying wounded soldiers.

There are many more of these people, each one over willing to talk about winning the war, but not willing to go without a few things to accomplish it. Perhaps, if we try to show them where they are wrong, we can finally succeed in making them better Americans.

Doris Broadhead, '44

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS

More and more emphasis is being placed on interscholastic sports, particularly today, in wartime. The reasons for this are simple enough. Sports are excellent body builders. The exercise and physical contact toughens up the body, gives one good wind, and an upright posture. Strict training rules force a student to quit smoking and to be off the streets at a certain time, where otherwise he might be getting into trouble. They also give a student traits of character which prepare him for his obligation in years to come, that of being an upstanding citizen. He must learn to cooperate with his team mates and thus learns a lesson he will never forget. He also acquires a sense of leadership and responsibility.

On the other side of the ledger there is much to be said. Frequently the athletes are the ones who neglect their studies. This is partly elimi-

nated by requiring certain scholastic achievements in order to participate. Also there is the fact that today more thought is given to the money to be made than to the value of the game to the student. There is also a need for more intra-mural sports in order to give students who can't make the regular teams a chance to play with pupils of their own ability.

John Bamford, '44

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Times have changed in many respects, but one change which stands out vividly in my mind is the change in the games children play. Yesterday's games were altogether different from the games of today.

When I was around the age of ten, we had a "gang" which consisted of about twelve children—both boys and girls. Each summer night at dusk we congregated in back of a friend's house and played such games as Piser, Relievo, and Run-My-Black-Sheep-Run until dark.

At that time we heard little about the Japanese or Germans. Yes, they existed to us, but only in our geography book as countries far across the sea.

Today boys, especially from the ages of five to twelve, think of nothing but war and war games. The other day as I was passing along the street, I noticed two brothers engrossed in play. The younger, who portrayed a German, was pretending to be shot and killed by the older one, who portrayed a Yank.

If you ever talked to a small child, he could give you a complete description of a Japanese Zero or a German Messerschmitt, which we never knew existed in the world of yesteryear.

Yes, times have certainly changed, and at the present it isn't for the better.

Helen Turner, '45

VETERANS OF WORLD WAR II

The average American citizen reads over our casualty lists with intermingled regret and sorrow. But they have not had the privilege of meeting a large group of the wounded veterans and observing them. They cannot understand or realize the large number or the great sacrifices they have made, except those touched personally by similar experiences.

As a member of a cast that has given performances at various veterans' camps and hospitals, I have begun to become acquainted with our new veterans.

My first sensation as I arrived at the camp was of pity, which later turned into admiration. I don't know what I expected the soldiers to be like, but whatever it was, I was not prepared for the impression they gave me.

It is impossible to put into words what a grand group they are. They had a friendly word and smile for everyone as they limped or strolled around in their maroon robes. They were cheerful, courageous and I could go on listing adjectives to describe them, but to sum it up, each one was a hero to me. At first I would wince as I spied a casualty without an arm, leg or eye. Their attitude of wanting no sympathy would make you admire them all the more.

I think it is a great honor and privilege for anyone to entertain our boys. They make the most appreciative audience. They whistle, shout remarks and ad-lib through the whole performance. The cast was thrilled at their response.

When I left the camp I felt small and insignificant in comparison to the soldiers. If many more of our citizens had this similar experience there would be fewer strikes, black-markets, and other home front problems. We have so little to do, while

they gave life, limbs and mental stability, and with our small share we bungle it. Instead of spending our money on articles that are not necessary and helping the rise of inflation, we should help our boys and put our cash into the safest investment in the world, War Bonds.

Mildred Amshey, '44

THE UNITED SERVICE ORGANIZATION

If you want to know the meaning of the U. S. O. to our boys in the service, just ask one of them. He will tell you it is one of the greatest organizations in the world to-day. I have often heard of this organization but I didn't know of its value until I asked a service man. This is what I learned and here is a short story of a service man and his opinion of the U. S. O.

"When a service fellow is a long way from home he hardly knows which way to turn. All I could do to relieve the low-feeling was to go to a show or walk through the city. Now I had heard of the U. S. O. and its good works, and as I happened to pass by one of the U. S. O. buildings I decided to go in and find out for myself. I just stepped in the doorway when a nice motherly lady began a friendly conversation. She helped me put my coat and hat away. Then I was introduced to one of the many nice girls. We danced quite a while and decided to sit down with a group of people seated near the piano. We learned quite a bit about one another during our talk. Refreshments were served to every one and before I knew it the time for the end of the entertainment had come.

"Going to the U. S. O. became a habit with me after that. The U. S. O. is a service man's greatest help."

Frances Donnelly, '45

LITERARY

DOMESTIC ART

Approximately two years ago, my domestic instincts prompted me to watch my mother's household duties very closely. Cooking interested me particularly, and after many fumbling attempts, I was finally emerging as a first class mediocre cook. In fact, I progressed so rapidly that Mother, in one of her weaker moments, left me to my own devices, with orders to make a stew. She also added that I was to wash the meat thoroughly, before actually proceeding with my newly acquired art.

Fifteen minutes later found me utterly surrounded by soap bubbles, and with the stew meat immersed in even soapier water. It also found a next door neighbor looking at me with a horrified expression, as though she had forgotten what she wanted to borrow.

Needless to say, when I'm asked to prepare the dinner, now, all soap is carefully hidden.

Roberta Savoy, '46

THAT'S THAT

We had a large glass aquarium on a table in my third grade classroom. It had all sorts of tiny fishes in it, gold moons, and guppies, and snails. It was a beautiful thing, with water plants and everything else to make up a complete oxygen cycle. I was very much impressed by it and wished with all my heart that I owned one like it. That spring, my teacher told us nature lovers that we could start our own aquarium with pollywogs from the frog pond in back of the school. So one Saturday, armed with a large empty mayonnaise jar, an old coffee strainer and a rusty tablespoon, I went to the frog pond and

fished out a beautiful batch of pollywogs, complete with mud and a few wisps of water grass. I went back home with my feet soaking wet because I had neglected to bring the most important thing, a pair of rubbers, and I was covered with mud where I had slipped and fallen.

Mom took one look at her little offspring as I came straggling in and said, "Don't you dare to come into this house!" and "What have you got there?" I was already in the middle of the kitchen.

"Polly—," and the jar slipped from my hand and spilled all over the kitchen linoleum, "—wogs."

Have you ever tried to pick up a dozen or more wriggling, slippery pollywogs from a waxed floor? Most of them had died, either from exposure or shock, by the time that I got them back into the jar, so Ma threw them down the kitchen sink and bought me a couple of goldfish.

Gloria Bottai, '46

FISH PROPAGATION

Today many of our ponds and streams have better fishing than three generations ago. This may seem like an exaggerated statement until you look into fish propagation. Fish propagation is the artificial breeding of fish.

When the fish make their way to the spawning beds, they are netted by hatchery attendants and relieved of their eggs and milt. The eggs and milt are carried to the hatchery where the eggs are placed on trays, then are fertilized. These trays are constantly washed by pure water. The eggs remain on these trays until they hatch. The fry are transferred from tank to tank as they grow. All this takes place indoors. After the fry gain sufficient

size and strength, they are placed in large, natural, outdoor pools where they are fed on foods designed to produce the utmost in size and strength. They are kept in these rearing pools until they are of legal length. At that stage, they are placed in oxygen tanks or trucks and are transported to the water that is to be their home.

Through artificial breeding, about 70 percent of the eggs live to provide sport for anglers, whereas, only about 10 percent of eggs spawned naturally, survive. So by actually putting in more fish than are being taken out, we are making our waters better fishing grounds than they were generations ago.

Norman T. Campbell, '46

WORRIES OF AN ANGLER

Have you ever found yourself in the middle of a stream battling an extremely large fish? If you have, such thoughts flash through your mind as, will the leader hold, is the hook set firm enough, or will your rod break under the strain? Then all of a sudden the fish makes a downstream break for safety. Oh, watch it there! If he goes too far he'll tangle the line in those weeds. Easy, now! Don't put too much strain on that light leader. Slowly you stop the line from playing out until finally he's stopped. He's tired now and you make the best of his momentary weakness. Slowly he comes nearer. Now he's out in front of you thrashing violently, giving one last splurge of power. You reach for your landing net and then remember you left it at camp. There is no alternative left you now; you must slowly retrace your steps to the shore. Careful, now! Don't fall on those slimy rocks. Then it's all over and your fish is thrashing harmlessly on the shore. The end of a perfect day for you.

Donald Kimel, '46

UNUSUAL!

It was five o'clock in the morning, and although it was light outside, the sun had yet to appear through the tall pines, when we got into our boat and started to row along the shore of the lake.

Suddenly my eye caught sight of something moving at the far side of the lake. I thought I was mistaken, but no, there it was again. We stopped the boat and as the two swimmers came nearer, we saw that they were diving up and down as porpoises do. Finally, as they passed the boat, not too close, we saw that they were otters. Their every move was one of grace. They didn't stop until they reached the other side of the pond and disappeared among the weeds growing at the edge.

Every morning for over a week we went out in the boat at five o'clock, but never again did we see this unusual sight.

Lois Valpey, '45

EMERGENCY

Last Sunday night at eight-fifty billions of lights all over the state were extinguished for a test blackout. My warden, Mr. Howard, paced anxiously up and down the darkened street. Yes, he was very efficient. Every light was out before the final long blast of the siren.

A dark shadow crept from tree to tree unseen by his usually alert eyes. It moved closer and closer to the church where it finally disappeared. I was trying to reach my post unseen, as I hadn't any identification. Suddenly two wardens, two ambulances, and the fire department appeared. I was carried out of a supposedly burning building and laid on a stretcher. The first aid unit set to work immediately, and soon I was swathed in snowy white bandages. The fire-men, meanwhile, smothered a purely imaginary fire. Two husky stretcher bearers

loaded me into an ambulance and we were off to the Medical Depot, where doctors in masks and gowns, and nurses in stiffly starched uniforms were ready for casualties. I was soon as good as new, and hopped from my perching place.

I really think the Civilian Defense personnel can be proud of their efficiency in a black-out.

Marilyn Drummond, '44

GOTHIC

It was the dead of night as I approached the dimly lighted old mansion. The rain was beating down hard and I had to run from where I had left my car securely embedded in the mud a half mile back. As I neared the door I caught the glint of the brass knocker, made by a flash of lightning which illuminated the black night. As the rain was soaking me to the skin, I tried the door which gave way to my impatient hand.

I found myself in an immense room with a long winding staircase directly in front of me. From a drab, dark corner of the ancient stairway a candle light flickered back and forth. A small bent old figure emerged from the shadows. She wore a sweeping black dress and shawl which covered her snowy white hair. As she slowly made her way down the stairs I noticed that her hands were shaking nervously. She proceeded slowly. As she approached me she spoke with a quivering voice. "What do you want here? There is nothing in this house of any value to anyone but me." As I started to explain that I was only seeking help, she slowly moved toward me, urging me on toward the door. The candle was now steady in her old, knotted hands. She held the candle toward me as if she were ready to throw it at my first false move. With a quick turn I gratefully found myself out in the downpour

Margaret Connelly, '44

DISILLUSIONMENT

I tried to write and racked my brain,
I thought and thought but all in vain,
And then I thought I'd be a poet,
I'm not so good and you'll soon
know it.

I just can't write about the trees,
That swing and sway in summer
breeze,
Nor can I write about the birds,
For things like that I can't find words.

I'm not romantic, as you see,
Nor like "To be or not to be,"
A flower's just a thing that grows
Along the roadside, heaven knows.

There's not much different 'bout the
sky,
'Cept that's where birds prefer to fly,
And as for crickets' songs at night,
I guess for poets that's all right.

But as for me there's nothing new,
About the grass, it's green, that's
true.
And yet a poet seems to see
Such beauty in a little bee.

Or in such words that matter not,
Except they fill up space a lot,
And hear such sounds in rain and yet,
It's just a thing that gets you wet.

They dramatize weird sounds at
night,
So that you almost die of fright,
The odd things that these poets see,
Are just plain things in life to me.

And yet there're books and books
galore,
And poets still are writing more,
They're smart and witty, that I'll say,
But spend my time some other way.

Audrey Ferrin, '46

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHAIR

As you sit in that nice new morris chair and look at me you probably say to yourself, "My, what a dilapidated chair that is! It's a wonder they don't throw it away." And a pitiful sight I am, with my springs hanging out every which way and my covering all torn and shabby. They tried to patch me up, but it was no use. My springs just sprang right out again. You see, I'm an *old* chair. Yes, an old chair indeed, and I have had an interesting life. Let me tell you some of my experiences.

I began my interesting adventures in the year 1900. I was standing in the window of the Super Ritzi Store in Appleburg. I was a beautiful chair then. My mahogany arms and legs were freshly finished, not a scratch on them. I had a nice covering of maroon silk on me. Oh yes! Those were the days! Oh well, back to my story. As I said, I was standing in the window, when I heard a voice say, "Yes, that maroon one in the window, let me try sitting in it." To my dismay I learned that it was Miss Upper Crust of Park Avenue that was speaking. For the first time in my life I felt pain, for Miss Crust weighed one hundred ninety-nine and three-quarters pounds.

As it turned out, Miss Crust decided she liked me best of all her chairs, so you can see what accounted for my condition. I spent ten humdrum years at this house, but finally I sagged so much from Miss Crust's weight that she decided to sell me.

A small second hand store bought me, and after about half a year a man named Mister Issy Stingy came in, and after much bargaining they finally decided on a price and Mr. Stingy carried me home. (He couldn't afford the money to have me shipped, he said.) Every time a bill collector

came to the door and asked to be paid, Mr. Stingy would stuff his money in a hole underneath me and tell the collector he didn't have any money. As soon as the collector left he would take out his money and count it over for about the thousandth time. After staying there about fifteen years my springs began coming out. It was really very comical to see Mr. Stingy jump when I sprang one deliberately at him. It was very comical, but oh the language! A couple of years ago Mr. Stingy died. His nephew and niece moved in. They are very nice. I like their dog especially.

The reason I am still here is that they love their dog very dearly and I'm his favorite chair. He likes to ride on my springs. They didn't know their uncle very well, so they like him quite well, and seeing I was his favorite chair, they kept me for that reason too. So, now you know why I'm still here and even if I'm of no use to you people I am still a friend of Fido's.

Rita Farrell, '47

WELCOME TO SPRING

Goodbye to the cold gray winter months,

Goodbye to the ice and sleet,
Hello, hello to the magic months
Of shining light and heat.

Welcome to the birds that sing
On newly blossomed trees;
For they are the ones who bring
Joy to the world and ease.

Welcome to the breeze that carries
The scent of flowers in the air;
For it helps to make us merry,
When the art of this is rare.

Elinor Gaudet, '46

ONE OF MY NICEST DAYS

It was a wonderful summer day in 1941 when my father took me to the East Boston Airport. It was not my first visit there, but it was a rather special one, as my father had said I could go up that day. I did, all right, not once, but three times. I had been looking at the planes for about an hour, when a man from Intercity Airlines walked up and asked us if we would like an airplane ride. Since this time we did, we went to the office with him. We paid the money and received our slips. By we, I mean myself, my brother, and one of his friends, who had tagged along. The slips state that the airline is free from any liability in case of accident. A pilot was assigned to us, and we walked out to a yellow Piper Cruiser parked on the apron. As it had seating capacity for only three people, it was decided that Jimmy, my brother's friend, and I should go up first. This meant that I would get two rides, this one and one with my brother, Buddy. We were in the plane, waiting for clearance from the central tower, when an Army B-17-C approached. Therefore, we had to wait until the big thing had landed. I suppose the pilot was rather green, for it took him three approaches before he finally set the bomber down. Now we could take off. As we started to taxi out to the flight strip, I found out something about the field I hadn't known before. It is bumpy. Very bumpy, in fact. One finds this out when the plane begins to jerk sideways, and shake up and down in a rather jolting way. This went on for about six or seven minutes. Finally we left the ground. We cruised out over the harbor and back over the land for about twelve minutes before coming in for a landing.

The next flight was about the same, except that there was no Flying Fortress to wait twenty minutes for.

On this flight, we watched a Navy Catalina flying out over the ocean. It was about half an hour after this ride ended that a rather nice thing happened for me. The man who had secured the other rides walked up and asked me if I would like to go up in a little faster plane. There was a five-place Cessna Airmaster ready, and they needed one more person to fill the seats. I said to my father that I didn't think I'd mind too much, and it was arranged. This time I sat in the front cockpit seat, where I could watch the instruments and controls. We did go a little faster. We went about 134 m.p.h., which was about 50 m.p.h. faster than the light Piper. In taxiing to and from the flight strip, the bumpiness was considerably less, because of the increased weight. After all this, I felt very, very good. It was the first time I had been able to appreciate flying, although I had gone up before, several years ago, in an even bigger plane, the Stinson Reliant. This was one of the nicest experiences of my life, and I won't forget it very soon.

William Heyn, '47

THE GREATEST SURPRISE
OF MY LIFE

June 23, 1943, graduation day at the Bradstreet school. This was what I was thinking when I slowly made my way toward the school. My, it was a beautiful day for a graduation. Even the birds must have sensed it, because to me they seemed to sing much louder.

This morning I didn't rush to school, and think to myself, "Gee, school again! I certainly will be glad when we graduate." But instead I slowly walked up the sidewalk, and a lump caught in my throat and to my surprise I got to thinking about the little things. The hearty good morning and the bright smile the teachers always gave you in the morning. The

first grade children fighting over nothing at all, and the teacher running out and grabbing them by the ears and marching them inside. Yes, I was thinking how I was going to miss the old schoolroom and definitely my teacher.

These memories were soon banished from my mind, however, when I met one of my classmates, and we proceeded to go to school.

Once we were all seated, our program was on its way. The class ballots, class will, and many other selections were read. Then our teacher stood up and presented the citizenship medal. Imagine my surprise when from his lips escaped my name. There was that lump again choking me until I had tears in my eyes. I most certainly will not forget that graduating day of June, 1943, and the greatest surprise of my life.

Mary Frechette, '47

A CALF'S NARROW ESCAPE

Early last fall on a fairly warm day my brother and I decided to go hunting around Shaven Crown hill in the cow pasture. We took our father's .22 Winchester repeater and started out. After much discussion we decided the best way to go was around to the east of the hill.

As we came into a field, we saw the cows coming from a path out of the woods. We noticed nothing wrong because they were plodding along as contented as ever, until after we passed by, and then we noticed one cow missing. That didn't bother us because a stray cow was common, but my brother said, "Just for the fun of it, let's go where the cows came from and see if we can find the missing cow." I agreed, so we ascended the cow path into the woods. My brother was walking ahead with the gun.

We walked along a while and pretty soon we got to a small clear-

ing surrounded by pines. We crept up to the edge of the clearing and looked in. There was the cow. She was lapping something, something brown and white. It was a calf! We looked on fascinated. The calf was just trying to walk, so we knew it had only been born about fifteen or thirty minutes. The cow had just wandered over to a patch of ferns to lie down and rest.

All of a sudden we heard a rustling in the branches above. We looked up and saw a snarling fierce animal. It was the wildcat that our neighbor had told us about. Quickly it caught sight of the calf. It crouched back in the branches ready to spring. At that moment my brother came to his senses and brought the gun to his shoulder. Just as the wildcat jumped, my brother fired the gun. The wildcat flipped over in mid-air and landed on the ground by the calf, dead.

My brother ran home quickly to get a halter to lead the cow home, while I watched the cow. The calf was able to walk pretty well by this time. Pretty soon my brother came back and led the cow and calf home. I followed with the wildcat. When we got home we were overjoyed to hear that we could raise the calf, which was a heifer. That completed the exciting events of the day.

James Greenler, '47

LET'S KEEP IT UP

We flatten lids and tins
To stamp out Hitler's sins,
And make some trouble for his old
double,
And see that the right side wins.

We salvage tin and fat,
Old paper, this and that.
We buy war stamps to lick those
tramps,
And lay them all out flat.

June Ingram, '46

LOCKED OUT

The bells in the church steeple chimed twelve as I hurried down the path after saying good-night to my friend. "Br-r," I thought, as I went to open the door, "It certainly is cold tonight."

I put my hand on the knob and tried to turn it, but it would only go half way. Frantically I tried again, but in vain. I realized the sad truth. I was locked out. My teeth kept time with the door as I rattled it violently. Everyone in the house was sleeping peacefully but soundly. "Surely I won't have to spend the night out here." I told myself as I danced up and down to keep my feet warm.

I decided it would be better not to call, unless I wanted a pail of icy water or an old shoe thrown at me by the neighbors.

I ran my numb fingers over the ground and picked up a few pebbles. These I threw at my mother's bedroom window. Still I wasn't heard.

There was only one thing left to do. After careful consideration, I opened my mouth as far as my frozen jaws would allow and shouted, "Ma", so loudly I thought my lungs had cracked.

I waited five minutes before I heard the heavy sound of slippered feet coming toward the door. The key turned and I faced my angry sister. She grumbled something about people staying in once in a while and tramped back to bed.

At the breakfast table the next morning, everyone made a joke of my trying experience. I laughed too when I recalled some of the thoughts that had raced through my mind while I stood outside freezing the night before. Those same thoughts make me shiver a little when I think of it, and I never want the same thing to happen again.

Alma Sanford, '46

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

My great-uncle was a rover of the great seas. He wrote a letter to his niece, who is my aunt, saying that he was coming home for awhile. My aunt was constantly teasing my great-aunt that she would give him the first kiss. On the day that he was to arrive they were all tense with excitement. My great-aunt was trying to get near the door but my aunt was determined not to allow her to have the satisfaction.

The doorbell pealed sharply, and there was a mad rush for the door. My aunt shoved my great grandmother aside with one arm and sent my great-aunt sprawling with the other. She flung open the door and pounced upon the man, delivering the long awaited kiss and hug. The man was startled and his face grew red. My aunt stepped back and gasped, "Oh! Oh! It's the milkman."

The milkman wanted to know what brought it all about. They explained hurriedly, their words getting all mixed up. You can be sure my aunt kept her kisses to herself from that time on.

Rosalie Camasso, '47

WHY JUDGE WYNKOOP
WAS NOT A "SIGNER"

There is an interesting old tradition about my great, great, great, great grandfather, Judge Henry Wynkoop of Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He was to have been a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

One night in August, 1776, while the Judge was on his way to Philadelphia to sign that famous document, a party of brutal Hessian soldiers forced their way back into his home, Vredens Hoff. A violent kick against the door of the back entry sent the lock flying across the room. Mrs. Wynkoop's room adjoined that into which the entrance was made, and she was very much overcome by

the shock. Two hired men, the only ones in the house, escaped to the garret. The little children were about to climb out of the window, when the eldest daughter, Christina, thirteen years old, persuaded them to go down to their mother's room. The mother was so much alarmed that she rushed from the house, and jumped into the well and was killed.

It is said that this is the reason Judge Wynkoop did not sign the Declaration of Independence. He had to come home to bury his wife.

For fifty years he was Judge of Bucks County Courts, seven times a member of Continental Congress, and a member of the First Continental Congress, and was also a personal

friend of George Washington who used to call him Friend Wynkoop. He was born in 1734 and died in 1813.
Richard Carvell, '47

THE SWEETEST MUSIC

Some folks like organ music;
Some may prefer a band;
But there's one kind of music;
I think is simply grand.
It's to hear a steak a-sputter
As it sizzles in the pan,
And to hear the kettle singing
As a kettle only can,
And to hear the dishes clinking
When the table's being set.
When a fellow's good and hungry,
That's the sweetest music yet.
William Torrey, Jr., '46

ACTIVITIES

HONORS FOR GRADUATION

Joan Fitzgerald is valedictorian for the Class of 1944. The honor of being salutatorian is awarded Caroline Hayman. The third honor, that of being essayist, goes to Barbara Dandeneau. We extend our heartiest congratulations.

William Wilkinson has been elected class orator. Shirley Hamilton will bequeath all the seniors' beloved possessions as writer of the class will. James DeAdder in the role of fortune-teller will predict the future of the seniors as writer of the prophecy. Every senior class has a history, so in an effort to outdo our predecessors we have chosen Herbert Sperry to compose the bright and valiant history of the senior class.

BARBARA DANDENEAU WINS ESSAY CONTEST

Johnson High is very proud of one of the members of the senior class. The radio program, *Junior*

Town Meeting of the Air, is sponsoring a contest on the subject, *Should We Have Social Security From the Cradle to the Grave?* The winners will be the four pupils who write the best negative and affirmative papers on this question. They will go to Ohio, expenses paid, to participate in a program there. Barbara Dandeneau has been chosen one of the final contestants from New England. There were seven from Massachusetts and one from Connecticut. Barbara has already journeyed to Boston to have her essay recorded. We all wish her luck!

BUY BONDS

Might I add here that the bonds sales have fallen off? It seems very foolish that people let this opportunity for wise investment slip by. There are still those few who purchase faithfully, and many who don't. Come on and back up our government and help yourselves too.

SERVICE DIRECTORY

The *Journal* has been very much pleased to receive so many letters of appreciation from the service men and women to whom directories were sent.

A few addresses unavailable at the time of directory printing or recently changed have now come to us. Those we are printing below.

Bernard S. Champion, Ph. M. 1 / c

U. S. Naval Section Base, U. S. Navy 162
c / o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

Ralph S. Champion, Ph. M. 2 / c

Marine Hospital, Brighton, Massachusetts

Cpl. Kenneth R. Dill, 31166764

45th Fighter Squadron
A. P. O. 242, c / o P. M., San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. (j.g.) Elaine Eldridge

142 Water Street, North Andover, Mass.

Cpl. Tech. Ed. C. Garvey, 20116456

Hdq. Co. M. D. E. T. S.
O'Reilly Gen. Hosp., Springfield, Missouri

Pvt. Kenneth N. Girard, 11133036

1188 T. G., 304th Wing, Sqd. R., B. T. C. 10
Greensboro, North Carolina

2nd Lt. John D. Gordon

B-25 Transition School
Mather Field, Sacramento, California

Cpl. Joseph E. Houle (Edward Gagnon)

A. S. N. 31166768, Det. 906
Seymour Johnson Field, North Carolina

Sgt. Brian McKiernan, 11062316

17th Photo Recon. Sqdn.
A. P. O. 709, c / o P. M., San Francisco, Cal.

Lt. Thos. D. McKiernan, O-1003131

B. C. D. NATOUSA
A. P. O. 534, c / o P. M., New York, N. Y.

Alexander Pickles, M. O. M. M. 3 / c

N. L. F. E. D. Diesel Repair
Newton Park Ford Plant, Norfolk 1, Virginia

Midshipman Earle B. Tracy, Jr.

U. S. N. R. Massachusetts Maritime Academy
Hyannis, Massachusetts

PROM COMMITTEE

The senior class voted unanimously for a prom this year. We appointed Tom Gosselin as chairman and the committee is as follows: Doris Stewart, Marian Stewart, Irene Miller, Fred Crosdale, and John Cyr.

The juniors are: Rita Connors, Lorraine Lewis, Dot MacDowell, Tom Crabtree, John Sullivan, and William McEvoy.

SCIENCE AWARD

The Bausch-Lomb honorary science award is given this year to Joan Fitzgerald. She has had the highest average in science for four years. Keep up the good work, Joan.

SENIORS LOSE OFFICERS

Ray Sullivan, senior class president, left at the half year to enter Holy Cross. We wish to extend our best wishes and good luck to you, Ray.

The president and vice-president have both gone and left the senior class without masculine leadership. A temporary chairman, Tom Gosselin, was elected by the class. We feel sure that everything will be all right with two such capable leaders as Tom and Marian Stewart.

SENIORS IN SERVICE

Two more of our classmates have left to join the armed forces. Reid Norris and Stewart Wood have teamed up with Uncle Sam's Navy. This brings the total to four.

Marines

Navy

Paul Hulub

Stewart Wood

Anthony Lorenzo

Reid Norris

Good luck, fellows! Come in and see us when you are on leave.

CHARLES SEYMOUR WELCOMED

A new member has joined our ranks! He is a junior and comes from Lawrence High. He was born in Framingham and completed grammar school there. He then moved to Andover where he attended Junior High. After two years at Lawrence High he moved to North Andover, where we hope he will be very happy. Welcome, Charles Seymour. We know you will make many friends.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR DANCE

The freshmen held their annual dance for the seniors March 20. Many seniors attended as guests of the freshmen. Miss Rita Farrell, who entertained with several popular selections, was accompanied by Harold Allison. Fred Torrisi, our own Gene Krupa, played the drums. Music was provided by popular recordings and refreshments were served. The general committee in charge were Herbert Wild, Harold Vincent and Mary Frechette. The chaperones were Miss Torpey, Miss Neal, Mr. Cavalieri and Miss Kelly.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Cavalieri-coached boys' team made a fine showing this year.

Our varsity started the season off by defeating the Alumni, 55 to 42.

The Johnson seconds beat the Lawrence basketball team this year. The varsity traveled to Brooks school and was defeated, 72-38. Two games were played with Punchard, but we were defeated both times. An exciting game was played with Woodbury High and we won by the tune of 35-22.

Clayton Crotch was high scorer of the boys' team, chalking up 88 points. Bill McEvoy followed with 75 points. Tom Gosselin chalked up 48.

The boys' varsity team this year was:

C. Crotch	l.g.
D. Rennie	r.g.
T. Gosselin (Captain)	c.
J. Stillwell	c.
N. Evangelos	r.f.
W. McEvoy	l.f.

Johnson seconds:

Giaquinta	l.g.
Dearden	r.g.
Shottes	r.g.
Stillwell	c.
McKee	l.f.
Soucy	l.f.
Long	r.f.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Well, we've come to the end of this year's basketball season, and a very successful one at that.

The girls' team, captained by Anne Agey and coached by Miss Kelly, was victorious in all but two games this season, losing the first game to the Alumnae and the last game to Howe High.

Viola Ruess was high scorer with a total of 58 points. Shirley Hamilton followed close behind with 57. Marie Saunders chalked up 48 points.

Members of the varsity team were:

Anne Agey (Captain)	c.g.
Doris Stewart	l.g.
Marian Stewart	r.g.
Shirley Hamilton	c.f.
Viola Ruess	r.f.
Marie Saunders	l.f.

Johnson Seconds:

Jeannette Rea	r.f.
Mary Driscoll	c.f.
Beverly Howard	l.f.
Lillian Balavich	l.f.
Claire Driscoll	c.f.
Ursula Fitzgerald	r.g.
Gloria Bottai	l.g.
Irene Costello	c.g.
Helen Turner	c.g.

Scores:

(Varsity) J.H.S. 24	Alumnae	30
(Varsity) J.H.S. 35	Tewksbury	19
(Seconds) J.H.S. 14	Tewksbury	7
(Varsity) J.H.S. 41	Hamilton	14
(Seconds) J.H.S. 41	Hamilton	19
(Varsity) J.H.S. 33	Woodbury	9
(Varsity) J.H.S. 27	Howe	36
(Seconds) J.H.S. 28	Howe	9

BASEBALL

Some people judge signs of spring by the appearance of the first robin, but we Johnson students have a better way of knowing. When Coach Cavalieri calls the boys out for the annual baseball practice, we know that spring is really here.

Battery candidates are working out in the gym in preparation for the

coming season. Coach Cavalieri has only Harry MacPherson, veteran slabman, who recently worked out with the Boston Braves, as his ace twirler. The remainder of the group of catchers and pitchers are new boys and lack experience.

Other twirlers besides MacPherson, however, are Gordon Thomson, an outfielder; Hal Vincent, Bob Cruickshank, Art Drummond, and Bob Skinner.

Catcher prospects include John Poh of the football team, Tom Giaquinta, Jack Fischer, Norman Campbell and Francis Shottes.

U. F. & C. H.

SOCIABLE SUSIE SAYS:

First we'll start with the criticisms, so hold on to your hats! What's the matter with the seniors anyway? The freshmen were kind enough to give a return dance for you and what did you do? That's right—disappear to parts unknown. Did you ever hear of a certain something generally termed school spirit?

It won't be long now before all our dignified seniors will be kissing Johnson good-bye. This occasion, no doubt, will produce great sighs of relief from the teachers and the poor downtrodden underclassmen.

According to the play cast, we have quite a few freshmen and sophomore boys in our midst who are dramatically inclined.

Have you noticed the deluge of proofs floating around the senior home rooms lately? The reason — graduation is nearing.

If Uncle Sam doesn't take pity on us pretty soon, Johnson won't have any boys left to graduate with the weaker sex in June.

Prom time is coming around again, so all you boys had better start saving your gas stamps. The poor girls have a much harder time, with the man shortage and all.

Just think, it won't be long before school is over for another year! Then, "Happy Hampton," here we come!

S. H.

GLEANINGS

It was during mess, and the orderly officer, glaring down the long table, demanded if there was any complaint about the food.

Private Jones rose slowly and extended his cup:

"Taste this, sir," he said.

The officer took a sip, hesitated a moment, and said scathingly:

"Very excellent soup, I call it."

"Yes, sir," agreed Jones, "but the corporal says it's tea, and the cook served it as coffee, and just now I found a toothbrush in it."

Jim: "How many cigarettes do you smoke a day?"

Jack: "Oh, any *given* amount."

First Draftee: "You know, I feel like I'd like to punch that hard-boiled top sergeant in the nose again."

Second Draftee: "Again?"

First Draftee: "Yes, I felt like it yesterday!"

Professor: "This is the stadium."

Visitor: "Fine! Now take us through the curriculum. They say you have a fine one here."

Milkman, inducted into the Army, wrote back home from camp: "Bessie, I sure do like this Army life. It's nice to lie abed every morning until five-thirty."

Office Boy, nervously: "Please, sir, I think you're wanted on the phone."

Manager: "You think? What makes you say, 'I think'?"

Office Boy: "Well, sir, someone at the other end said: 'Is that you, you old idiot?'" "

When the flood was over and Noah had freed all the animals, he returned to the ark to make sure all had left. He found two snakes in the corner, crying. They told him their sorrow:

"You told us to go forth and multiply upon the earth, and we are adders."

Announcer (at a concert): "Miss Perewinkle will now sing, 'Oh, That I Were a Dove I'd Flee.'"

Junior: "Dad, what's a dove-eyed flea?"

A little boy was playing ball a short distance away when his mother called, "Didn't I tell you to beat that rug?"

"No, ma'am, you said to hang up the rug and beat it."

Mr. Cavalieri: "Ursula, can you tell me what is meant by a polygon?"

Ursula: "I guess it means a parrot that's died, doesn't it?"

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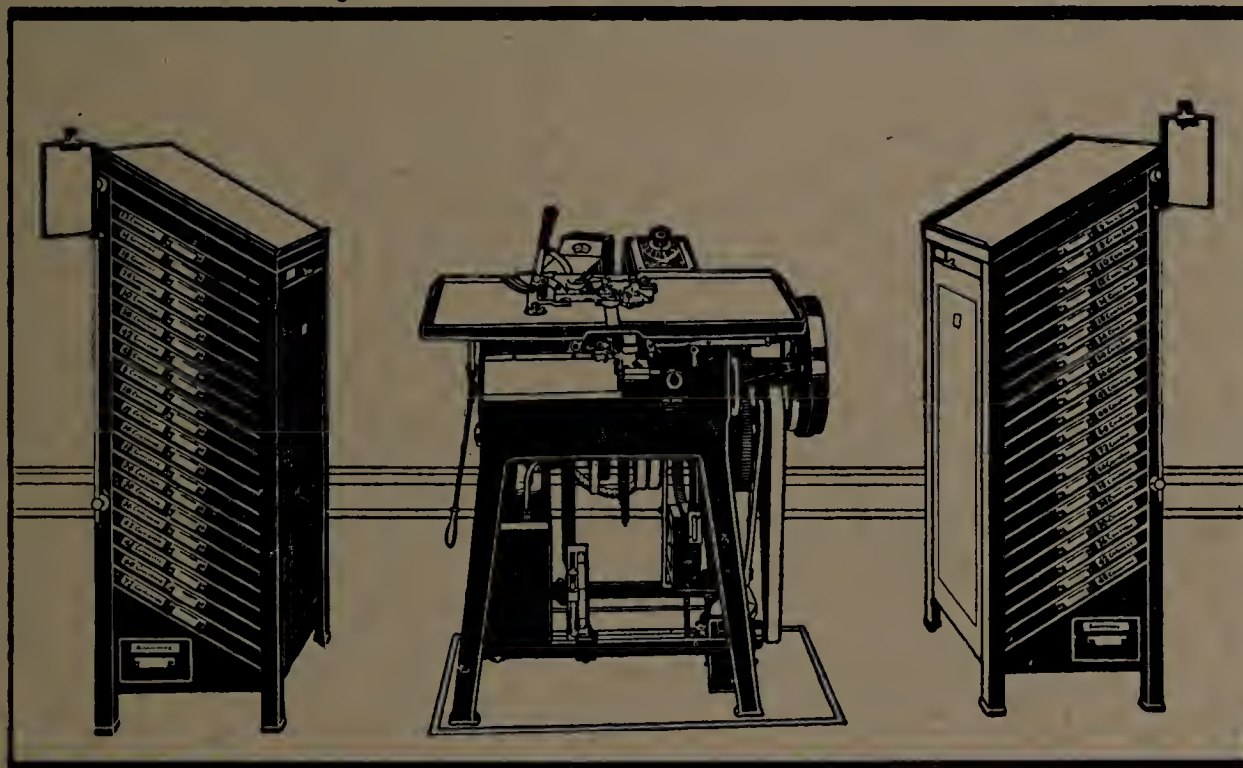
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